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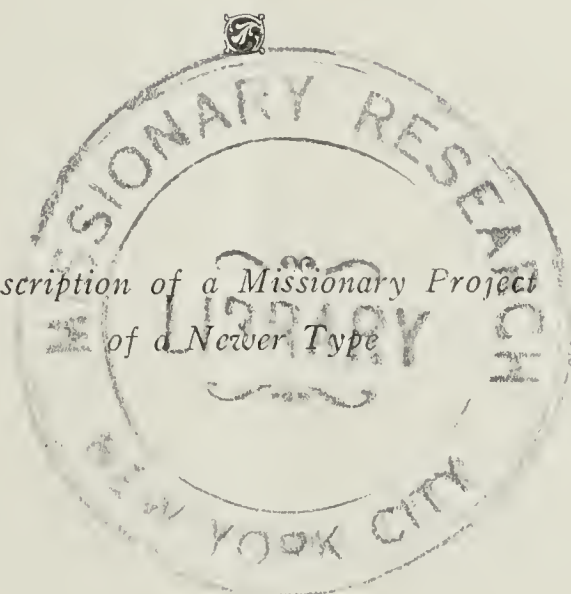
NEW LIFE IN FAN VILLAGE NORTH CHINA



By MRS. HUGH HUBBARD



*Description of a Missionary Project
of a Newer Type*



The following is an account of a rather unique missionary project in a North China Village where there were no Christians. It is a very interesting example of the method of friendly approach to community needs. To many persons it will convey an entirely new conception of the way in which some foreign missionary work is being done. The missionaries who conducted the project are well known to the undersigned.

The village was overrun by Japanese troops, but the program is continuing informally in spite of occupation, and similar programs are being tried out in other villages beyond the occupation zone.

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Copies of this pamphlet may be had at five cents each.

NEW LIFE IN FAN VILLAGE, NORTH CHINA

By MRS. HUGH HUBBARD

*Description of a Missionary Project
of a Newer Type*

If you look in any direction from the city wall of Paotingfu, you can see dozens of tiny villages, two or three miles apart, dotting the plain. These are clearly marked by the trees that grow in the court yards of the village homes. The houses are of sun-dried adobe brick, plastered inside and out, cool in summer, warm in winter. In summer this grey brick background sets off the green trees and bright hollyhocks and oleanders. Within these small mud huts the people live, uneducated, oppressed by poverty and disease, disorganized by jealousy and strife, constantly in real fear of soldiers, in imaginary fear of magic and evil spirits, yet hopeful, thrifty, law abiding and good natured. From these houses the men—and sometimes the women—depart daily to their patches of land lying outside the village limits; and at nightfall they return to their village homes, the women to their household tasks, the men to eat, and sharpen their tools, for the next day's labor.

To such villages as these we went. We were looking for one in which the people themselves wanted reconstruction, and at the same time had proved themselves capable of cooperating and working together for the common good. We visited all those in a radius of ten miles. Several of these villages welcomed our project. We chose one at a distance of three miles from our mission station; in it there were no Christians, though one girl had attended our girls' school and two boys had been in our boys' school at Paotingfu. It was on a visit to the families of these students that we found a community which heartily approved of our ideas and promised cooperation. Through these friends we met the head man of the village and other leaders, who urged us to study their needs and work with them for the solution of their problems. Of these problems, three, they believed very important; education, livelihood, and health.

"Last year we tried to start a class for the men who cannot read," said the village school teacher, "but it was a failure. Only ten per cent of the villagers can read, but the others do not care to learn, and we do not know where to get books that will appeal to them." "Maybe we can help this year two nights a week," we suggested. "From the Mass Education Movement you can get books on Geography, Letter writing, Health, and History for two cents each. You know how the Mass Education Movement, through Dr. Yen, has worked out a system for teaching a thousand of the most common characters in four months' time. Then with these characters you are literate, for newspapers and books on every subject are published now in these characters. This is the Thousand Character system." So the Mass Education class was organized. Men and boys who could not read bought their own materials, pen and ink and books. The village leaders taught these classes five days a week, and we taught two days. The village leaders besides the school teachers were: Mr. Sang, a devout Buddhist, to whom religion was the most important thing in life; Mr. Li, an ex-military man, who had traveled much and had ideals for his village;

Mr. Chia, a Catholic. These people earnestly wished for better conditions in the village although, of course, material help was foremost in their thoughts. Mr. Sang wanted also spiritual guidance, saying on our first visit: "You teach me Christianity, and I will teach you Buddhism; and hand in hand we will travel the road to Heaven."

The matter of better crops was much discussed. We wrote several letters to agricultural experts, who promised to come and hold a farmers' class in the spring. Meanwhile, all of us were looking for better seeds, and trying to find new methods of preventing smut on kaffir corn, wheat, etc.

The third problem, that of health, pressed upon us as we found that 92% of the school boys had trachoma. One man was blind and others becoming so. We invited the doctor at the mission station to come out to the village and teach two health workers to give daily treatments; the village school teachers stressed the importance of individual towels at home. Lantern lectures, with slides, on Health and Hygiene and general sanitation were given. Soon the Mission Doctor was invited to hold semi-monthly clinics.

Realizing other problems, now, the village invited us to come and live in their midst, that we might work more closely together. We gladly accepted their invitation. They sent two farm carts for us, wondering at the number of things we thought we needed. Escorting us to the home they had chosen for us, they helped us clean the rooms and arrange the furniture, discussing meanwhile better ways of living. Our house, like the others in the village, was built around an open court yard. Our Chinese colleague, his wife, and two little boys had the "Honorable apartments;" therefore the gentry and other callers came first to their home. The east rooms were occupied by the other Chinese leader, who used part for a general class room. My husband, my daughter of ten years, and I lived in west three rooms.

The windows were of paper. The floors were of a pounded earth mixture. We planned to spread reed mats over these. A tiny stove kept the temperature of two of the rooms above 50 degrees Fahrenheit. The third was the unheated bedroom. We, however, were not cold. Adopting the native Chinese costume of wadded garments and felt-lined shoes, we were comfortable and we kept perfectly well. Wanting to study the foods of the people, we took no foreign supplies, except our goats (if they could be called foreign!), and learned from our neighbors what to buy and how to cook it.

The first and second days we received the village women in our own home. "What is your honorable name?" they asked.

"My miserable name is Hubbard."

"How many children have you?"

"Four—two boys and two girls."

"What do you eat?" they asked.

"Corn meal, wheat flour, dough strings, eggs, kaffir corn porridge, and cabbage. What do you eat?"

They were interested in the stove. "What did you pay for it?" one of them asked.

"A dollar and a half." She thought that she might afford one. "It really lets in less smoke than ours," she noticed.

We white-washed the walls of our home with our own hands, at

the cost of sixteen cents, native currency, many callers offering to help us and suggesting other ways of doing it.

The third day after we moved to the village, we ladies began to return the calls of our neighbors. First we called at the home of Mr. Li, the ex-military man. Here we found two wives, twelve children, and two grandchildren. Mr. Li lives five days with his first wife and her children, then five days with his second wife and her children in three rooms across the court at the west. We, of course, called at the east rooms and were warmly welcomed by the first wife. The rooms were dark and the walls smoky. Tea was served after considerable delay. Then the father came in, bringing six of his daughters, all extremely shy, he informed us.

"All of my children would like an education. The boys had a chance. And Chi Shan, the eldest, has been teaching without salary in our village school since his graduation from the high school at Pao-tingtu. But the girls have never had such an opportunity."

"Why don't you start a girls' school?"

"There is no one to teach it. Not a girl in the village who could teach school!"

"You could teach an hour a day, and Mr. Sang, the Buddhist, an hour. I would take an hour, and Mrs. Sun would teach another hour."

"Yes, that might work," he said thoughtfully.

The idea of a school for girls was being born.

The next home we visited was the Sangs. Here we were greeted with even more reserve than at the first home. The little girl cried when her mother asked her to bow, and the elder child refused. The mother answered direct questions in monosyllables at first.

"How many children have you?"

"Two."

"Have you ever been to the city?"

"No."

We did not feel that we were getting much information from her monosyllabic replies. The father (Mr. Sang) came in. He it was who wanted help to get to heaven; his beads were in his hands. He thanked us for coming to the village and said that he wondered whether he could help to stop the gambling which was then very popular; and would be even worse during the New Year's season.

"When I was the age of my youngest child here, my mother and all my family gambled. Watching them, I soon learned. They forgot their meals, forgot their business and lost money. Then they smoked opium in order to forget their troubles. Oh! it was a bad business!"

"Do you think some other form of recreation would help during the New Year's time?"

"Yes—I'm sure it would." Here was another idea for us! A substitute for gambling. Mr. Sang had given up gambling when he became a Buddhist, several years earlier. He was now making every effort to "mortify the flesh" and to seek God. He was eating only one meal a day.

"Do Mrs. Sang and the children eat three regular meals a day?" we asked.

"No," she replied. "Since my husband eats only one meal a day, it is stupid to get a meal just for myself and the little girls; so we do

not eat regularly. I haven't much of an appetite." She looked anaemic, and the children seemed under-nourished.

"Do you understand your husband's religion?"

"No, I don't. He doesn't teach me. Does your husband teach you?"

"My wife never goes out of this yard, and this is one of the reasons for her ill health. I hope she can get from you some good ideas about her home. She likes her garden and her house." Here was another idea. Helps in home making needed.

"What about a school for women? If you could take an hour a day, Mr. Li would take an hour, Mrs. Sun and I would each teach an hour." Mr. Sang approved heartily, but Mrs. Sang was not interested in the school. A neighbor coming in expressed real enthusiasm over this idea of a school, and told us, "There is only one girl in this village who has ever been through the primary school. She is now earning twenty-five dollars a month teaching a primary school in the city."

As we left the home, we noticed how small the gate and how unattractive the door, although the people were well-to-do.

"I quite approve of this most unimpressive entrance," remarked a bystander; "when bandits come, they would never dream that this family has money, and would pass by."

Then we called at the home of the head man of the village. This was Mr. Chia. Here we found a small fire in a tiny stove the father had made from a kerosene tin, the only fire we had seen on our calls. The wife put a long tin can into the opening of the stove and in a few minutes the water was boiling for tea. On the brick bed was something that would have been considered a success in any country! A beautiful baby boy of four months. The mother, the grandmother, and the guests had something to talk about. "When should a baby be vaccinated?" "What should a baby be fed when weaned." This is a real problem in a country where there is no milk. Mrs. Chia was vitally interested in everything that pertained to the care of her baby. So here we had another idea of what could be done for the women of the village. We went home with our minds filled with the needs of the women—needs of which they were conscious, and many others of which only we were aware. We would begin first with the needs of which they were conscious and try to awaken the sense of lack of other things that we considered essential to the more abundant life.

Acting on Mr. Sang's suggestion, we organized a Recreation Committee which divided into several bands. One of these practiced Chinese boxing, a sport like fencing, under the efficient leadership of a villager. This band later went also to the nearby villages and brought honor to us by its skillful performances. Another group prepared two plays to be given on three nights in different parts of their own village and later to be given at neighboring villages. A movie, with nature study pictures, Bible Stories of Joseph and the Prodigal Son and stories from Chinese history was held in three centers in the village. Another band planned a variety of simple games, which could be taught to a number of individuals in their own homes to take the place of gambling. Six homes were opened on different streets for these social games; these with the new interests that had come to the village, acted as a real substitute for the usual dissipations. At the boys' school there were volley ball, modified base ball, basket ball, and other games requiring less equipment.

It was great fun to be in the village at New Year's time, for this is the great playtime of the year, with almost a month of comparative leisure. In the old days each village planned a theater in connection with the temple worship. This religious aspect has been nearly lost, and for several years Fan Village has not prepared the plays. The recreation committee revived this old custom, and the historical plays were practiced and given to enthusiastic audiences from village to village. The fun began about dark: sometimes when we were eating our supper we would hear the drums, and the announcement, "Players are coming from Wu Li He." We would put down our chop sticks, put on our padded Chinese coats, and go to meet the theatrical company. And there down the dark road, lanterns waving, would come the actors. As they came nearer we could hear the sounds of the drum, as large as an ordinary dining room table, fifes and horns, making a tremendous harmony in accurate rhythm. We could see the characters written on their lanterns "Tien Hsia T'ai Ping." ("To all the world, peace.") Now they were welcomed by the whole village, and led to the largest court yard and to the platform, which, in reality, was the top to the family vegetable cellar. All the village listened to the play with bated breath, applauded each set, and then at its close followed to hear the last strains of the music as the actors stopped again in front of each temple—for there is still a little temple worshipping element left. Then we went home to warm our toes and finish our supper. Hardly had we finished before another messenger would arrive with the good news, "Here they come from Hsin An Pu."

Again we would go with the villagers to the entertainment from Hsin An Pu, remembering that our own theatrical group was thus entertaining other villages. Every court yard was lighted with lanterns, and each one of our village's six temples was decorated and open for offerings. Mrs. Li had carried one hundred eighty small cakes as an offering to the nearest temple before she came to see the entertainment.

One evening we went to see our own village people practise before they went to perform at a neighboring village. They started out with their big drum, the biggest drum of this whole region, which cost one hundred dollars and had already been used for twenty years. The lanterns were made new this year, and on them the health committee had pasted health slogans: "Vaccinate your children;" "Wash your hands before eating;" "Brush your teeth;" "Have your eyes treated for trachoma." Fan Village's entertainment was Chinese boxing and tumbling. Enthusiastic applause greeted each performance. This friendly visiting back and forth between villages at the New Year season certainly increases the good will throughout the year.

The following year our group helped the village committee plan the festivities, the puzzle show, the dramas, etc.; but the third year this committee did their own planning (though we were on the committee to help, if needed), and elected five sub-committees, Recreation, Religion, Health, Education, and Livelihood to do the organizing. They asked for three Religious Education classes, one for men, one for women, and one for children. They invited two specialists in agriculture, and one specialist in chickens to help with their problems. At the first New Year celebration only the men took part. At the second, the women, too, gave a play. At the third the women wrote their own

drama, "The Prodigal Daughter-in-law" and gave it before hundreds of their admiring friends.

The women's school was planned to open February 18. To our surprise, on that morning, thirty-two women gathered early with money for books and paper, and pencils in their hands. Many children had come too. These we told to bring their own little stools and sit in the open court yard. Mr. Sang was there ready to help, with his own little girls among those in the yard. Mr. Li was there. The women had their coppers to buy their own books and pencils and paper. Two students who had returned home for the holidays were there to help in any way they could; and by night the school was organized. The next day we had a meeting of all the village leaders and wrote out our program, reading, writing, knitting, crocheting, health lessons, training of children, calisthenics, and music. Soon forty-five were enrolled.

One morning a man came with eight young women from a neighboring village five li away; would we take them in? There was much discussion among the villagers. Should they share their wonderful school? It took quite a little reconstructing of their thinking before they reached their decision. "Yes, they may come." The word was sent to the head man of the neighboring village, and then we had fifty-three pupils.

Now our east room was too small. Mr. Sung, our landlord, offered his granary. The pupils of the school white-washed it, put new paper on the windows and arranged for cross-ventilation. New paper flowers and other samples of their hand work were put up in front of the room. When health pictures were hung on each side, who would ask for a nicer school room?

This school was the life of the village. Through it we planned our Home Exhibits, our Village Socials, our Food Demonstrations, our Maternity Classes, Well Baby Exhibit, etc. Then at the end of six months, ten graduated; such an important affair! Eleven came up for examination. The examination was planned with the village head and teachers of the Boys' school. They picked out fifty characters after much discussion and sent them in for the graduates to pronounce and write. The young women recognized them and wrote them entirely to the satisfaction of the examining committee, that is, ten did. One did not pass and had to wait until the next graduating class was ready six months later. They wrote mottoes on red paper and hung them around the open court-yard. From the library the girls chose stories to tell and carefully prepared these with many bows. The day came. Those who did not graduate helped in the singing and in receiving the crowd. The graduates sat in the front row and sang the "Good Sisters" song. Then all the school sang the favorite song of the Women's class. One of the graduates, Mr. Li's fifteen year old daughter, played with one finger the tunes for these songs. The girls, one by one, made their deep curtsies, and each told the story she had prepared, after which the village head in a most impressive manner gave his talk: "In other countries, even in Japan, women learn to read. Only China in the past has been backward. But now our village women are going to be literate. In other countries women hold offices. They are clerks in stores, letter writers at post offices. They become doctors, and nurses and school teachers and even sit at the table with men at feast; I have seen these things with my own eyes. Now we have a school in our own village;

and you, too, are going to be educated. So you will have the privileges which other women enjoy. But don't forget, after all, that a woman's place is in her home. I am glad to see in your curriculum that you have put handwork in an important place and you are dwelling on home economics."

Immediately at the close of this class we organized the Alumnae Club, taking for our motto the song we had just sung. The women elected a president and secretary, and planned projects on which they would work in their homes, coming twice a week to report their progress. The projects they chose were teaching others to read, teaching others the handwork and cooking recipes learned in the school, emphasizing cleanliness in their own home, sanitation for the village, beauty and harmony everywhere. They began to work on a play for the next New Year's season, bringing out their own home problems. They wove their own difficulties into the story of a young girl, despising at first the drudgery of the home and the coarse food; later she learned the dignity of the common household tasks and found joy in doing them skillfully and well. They were living out their own emotions, and the drama was a success.

Six months later nine more had learned the thousand characters and were ready to graduate. At our first Alumnae group meeting, now with nineteen members, we brought out the Survey Statistics. There were 776 women in the village. "How many are really too old to learn to read?" we asked.

After several responses we wrote 200 under the 776 and subtracted. Five hundred and seventy-six was the remainder.

"How many are really too young to learn to read?" Again, many guesses, but we decided on 200, being approximately the number of those too young to go to school. Subtracting 200 again we found a remainder of 376 who ought to learn to read. This number was divided by nineteen—the number of the graduates of the Women's School, making each graduate responsible for nineteen others. They took this plan—with suggestions—seriously and began to map out the village as to the streets on which each member lived. A week later, we had reports from those who had been able to organize classes.

Mrs. Li Chen Lan told how she had taken the doors from a room in her house that did not need to be closed during the summer months, and had made mud brick supports for these doors, thus arranging two good tables. "Then I went down our street," she reported, "and told all my neighbors how I would like to teach them all the characters that I know. I suggested that they bring their own benches and their babies, too, if they wished." Twenty came the first day and later, twenty-three. Two others reported equally successful classes, and most of the group had taught at least several of their own family. Mrs. Sang, who could not read well enough to help any one else, hired an old Confucian scholar to teach the children on her street.

After the second year, this village attracted the notice of the County Bureau of Education. The National Bureau of Education had sent word to the County Board of Education to introduce compulsory education into thirty of the four hundred villages of this county. Ours was the first one selected in which to try the experiment of free education for all. Our village was ready for it and the village head, delighted, entered with such enthusiasm into the project, that in one day

he completed the house-to-house canvass and enrolled one hundred and seventeen children. Of these, seventy were girls. On reporting to the County Board of Education the next day, he was met with a smile of incredulity; but he had the names of the pupils in his hand, and details of the rooms and materials were all arranged for. So the free school was started and the Board of Education sent us a fine young Christian teacher, one of the graduates of our own Mission School, who cooperated most heartily in all our plans.

All the little classes taught by our graduates of the Women's School were amalgamated into this Village Free School. Mrs. Li Chen San was very proud indeed when she saw her pupils enter the second class in the new school. Now, her room was ready for something else. She suggested a class in religious education for older women, saying, "I, myself want to know more about the Christian way of life." A class being announced, sixteen entered. Mrs. Li helped the beginners. The wife of a general who had come to the village because he had heard that it was such a "model community" helped with the harder characters. This class continued until the busy season before the Chinese New Year and took most of the responsibility for the New Year's plays and exhibits.

After the New Year, it continued twice a week, about thirty attending and discussing everything that deals with the home—babies, funerals, weddings, religion, cooking, and other problems of livelihood. In this class we made plans for more ideal wedding ceremonies and simpler funerals. Several kinds of hand work have been developed. Knitting and crocheting have become popular accomplishments. Paper flowers have been made, and bright window decorations and scrolls with helpful mottoes for the house. A few women asked about a stocking machine that they might make their own at home. This request was passed on to the Central Station Middle School, which gladly loaned them three machines. Soon the good news spread all through the village, and many women gathered in groups to learn the use of the hand machines for stocking making. A women's cooperative planned the use of the machines and ways of selling the finished product.

The boys' school asked the Christian group to help them reorganize their curriculum and plan some extracurricular activities. Organizing the library, posting news bulletins, and drawing the village map were among the activities planned.

For the library we obtained such papers as the FARMER from the Mass Education movement, bulletins of the Provincial Bureau of Education, THE CHRISTIAN FARMER and THE WOMAN'S STAR. Two hundred and fifty PEOPLE'S READERS and some of Tao Chi Hsing's stories were bought. Chinese friends added other books and magazines. A librarian was chosen from among the school boys. He did not need to be on the job all the time; a book and pencil hung by the library door. You could go in at any time, choose your book, write your name, the title of the book and the date, and go happily on your way. To the girls and young women especially did this library open a new world. You should see them as they come, choose a book, and proudly write their name and date.

A daily paper, the TA KUNG PAO was subscribed for. The students selected and copied specially important news items, and then posted

them in four centers in the village. Later this newspaper made the circuit of four villages, each one keeping it a day.

A survey of the village was made by the students, and a village map was drawn. Health trachoma treatments were continued until about fifty per cent of the lighter cases were cleared up. A health worker for the women and the health worker for the men kept in touch with the doctor at the central mission station. In March of the first year, a vaccination campaign covering thirteen villages was planned. A Chinese friend donated five dollars worth of vaccine with which the health workers and local teachers vaccinated about four hundred. The second year another campaign took care of those who had gained confidence since the good results of the year before. The third year we enlisted the help of the Medical College, and thirty-two of their students went with our religious education worker into a large group of villages to give free vaccination. In our own village, practically every child and grown-up now has a good scar from former vaccinations, and small pox seems to be stamped out.

We are justified in believing this because I called on Mrs. Sang one day after our third year's work. Her nephew opened the door and welcomed me. "Come right in, I'll bring you some tea at once." His face and arms were covered with smallpox sores! He brought me the tea. Somehow I did not feel thirsty and soon found an excuse to leave. He wheeled my bicycle politely to the street. How I hated to put my hands where his had been! "Goodbye"—I hid my fear behind a smiling countenance and rode home to be revaccinated! A week later, I called again. "Did none of your children or other children in the village take smallpox from your nephew?"

"Oh, no," she said; "all of them have been vaccinated, you know. My nephew lives in a village a long way away, and so he did not have that opportunity and he got the horrible disease."

In our landlord's family nine had died from tuberculosis in the last seven years. He came asking what could be done for the two daughters who had it. The older one who was seriously ill was sent to the sanatorium in connection with the hospital at Paotingfu. The doctor advised milk for the younger child and careful diet and rest at home. A goat was loaned to this family, but she was treated so well that she died, after several weeks, from overfeeding. Special teaching was begun in the schools on prevention of tuberculosis.

The village chose two health workers to be sent to the city hospital for more training along practical lines; each was provided with a medicine kit, so that he could treat eight or ten of the most common diseases. The city doctor and nurse made semi-monthly visits to hold clinics; and the very serious cases were often taken to the city hospital.

In Fan Village there is no maternity hospital. The prospective mothers refuse to go to the City Hospital to have their babies; therefore, babies are born in their dark, unsanitary mud homes and their own ignorant, but kind hearted grandmother generally officiates. Knowing nothing of sanitary methods, the midwife lays the little new baby often first on the dirt floor of the home, and dirty rags are its first wrappings. One day I asked a mother.

"What training do your village midwives have?"

"Training?" she exclaimed. "Training? *No training.* Anyone

who has the courage to receive a baby just officiates. It is strange how many do not live."

"When I had my babies," I continued, "I wanted a well trained person who understood hygiene and the value of cleanliness to receive my children."

"Did you lose any of yours?"

"Yes, I lost a little boy in spite of all the care I took in getting a good doctor and trying to have sanitary attention."

"Only *one* of your five! I have lost five of my six. The reason I cannot go on in the women's school is that my eyes were ruined by crying so much over the loss of my precious little boys."

"But you do have your sweet little daughter," I tried to comfort her.

"Yes. But to have only one left and that a girl!"

"What do you think about inviting our trained nurse from Pao-tingfu; she has had an excellent course in midwifery and much experience? She might give practical demonstrations in receiving babies, in as sanitary a way as is possible in the home."

"That would be wonderful," she said. "Could I, too, come and learn, then maybe I could help others?"

She talked this over with her husband and other leaders of the village; and the head man of the village posted a notice of the midwife's class. We had thirty-one the first day, but we sifted down the number to those who actually had received children. Nineteen there were who took the training in practical modern methods of midwifery. The women were between forty and sixty years old; very much pleased with our attention to them. They were a very influential and important part of the village life and for the first time they were so recognized as to be given a real place among the leaders of the town. They did not have to be urged to come at nine o'clock in the morning and stay until dark at night. As Miss Chang, the trained nurse, was introduced, she wanted some statistics.

"How many children have you received?" she asked one woman.

"Who can remember that?" she evaded the answer.

"Well, have you received ten?"

"Oh, yes, many more than ten." All the neighbors nodded in approval.

"Have you received twenty?"

"Yes, many more than twenty." The neighbors acquiesced.

"Have you received thirty?"

"Oh, yes. Many more than thirty," repeated the proud lady. The others began to look a little doubtful. We, therefore, wrote "thirty" in our note book, and continued.

"How many have lived?"

"Well, almost all," she hesitated. The others very decidedly shook their heads.

"Do you remember that the Chang family lost six or seven, and the Wangs lost four—everyone dying about ten days of age from tetanus." The midwife's story was checked by her neighbors. We thought, from these reports, that not more than half the babies born in the village lived.

Then we asked about the care of the mother, and if many mothers died in child birth. The women were somewhat reluctant to answer the

last question; however, Mrs. Chi did tell of her experience. "I was grinding corn at the stone mill. The donkey being busy in the field, my mother-in-law insisted that I do the grinding before the evening meal. When I felt the first pains, I went to my room, and alone, received two little baby boys. Giving them to my mother-in-law to care for, I went back to my grinding of the corn. There was no help for it; that corn had to be ground. The twin boys both died." Many others told of their lack of care. And, as Miss Chang talked to them, several began to plan for more attention to other mothers and babies. How could they know how necessary it was to give heed to this matter of bearing babies?

After several days of teaching them something about germs, and prevention of tetanus, Miss Chang gave to the group a demonstration of a simple way of caring for babies at birth under sanitary conditions. She helped them prepare an obstetrical outfit consisting of two basins, a pair of scissors, absorbent cotton, string for tying the cord, clean aprons, two towels, soap and a bottle of alcohol (total cost \$1.20). This was to be left at a central place in the village where the midwives could go for it as needed. The group chose Mrs. Hu to have it in charge. We suggested that each one using it pay twenty cents to go for replacing cotton, soap, alcohol, etc. Generally they pay the midwife about that amount in gifts, if the baby is a boy; if a girl, she will probably get half that amount. Often she receives no gift except a grand meal when the baby is a month old. Since not one of that group could write, I suggested that Mrs. Hu's grown son of forty or so could write the records. This was, however, a foreigner's mistake; we learned to our sorrow, that Chinese women would not allow their records to be kept by a man.

The next year another class was held and the same subject matter presented again with much discussion and many answers to their many questions. Since they were vitally interested in this subject there were no dull sessions. Again they voted on who should have charge of the maternity outfit. Since, by this time, we had several women who could write the records, they chose one Mrs. Li Chen Lan as a Secretary. They elected the wife of the head man of the village as chief midwife who should have charge of the outfit. She had attended faithfully both classes in midwifery and had had much experience. She told me that she had been alone when her "Little Sixth" was expected. "I had five girls," she said, "and had decided that, if Little Sixth was another girl, no one should know about her. Leaving the scissors on the window-sill, I went to bed; fully determined on what I should do if the baby was just another female. I was quite alone." No one knew of the baby's birth until the next morning, when the good news of the birth of a boy rejoiced the household—and the whole village. She has proved most generous and efficient in helping her neighbors in normal cases; and two abnormal deliveries have been cared for at the City hospital.

The Chinese baby generally is nursed until it is about a year and a half; however, feeding is begun earlier. Accordingly, the knowledge of some proper kind of dietary is much needed by mothers. Our trained nurse from the Central Mission Station selected, cooked, and worked out a balanced diet that the ordinary

country mother could use for her baby when weaned. We arranged the food in proper amounts on a long table; placing, above each group of dishes, the hour of day; so that the illiterate mother could understand the feeding of her baby.

6:00 Breakfast: porridge and bean curd milk with a bit of sugar.

9:00 Cabbage soup.

12:00 Millet and soy bean porridge, cabbage soup with a little cabbage chopped fine, and a few drops of sesame oil. An egg and a slice of dried bread.

3:00 Cabbage soup, or bean curd milk.

6:00 Thin millet porridge, part of a baked sweet potato and a little finely cut, cooked spinach.

9:00 A drink of boiled water or soup.

One of the school girls, trained by the nurse, stood by the table to explain to the mothers a little more about infant feeding. The nurse was busy most of the time with the Baby Exhibit. The babies were examined and weighed; and minor diseases were treated. It was suggested that serious diseases be treated at the city hospital. "Six months later," she told them, "you may bring each child again and see how much he has gained." We held these demonstrations and baby exhibits twice a year, and the doctor and nurse helped many at their semi-monthly visits.

We felt from the first that the agricultural and economic projects were fundamental. Until the standard of living is raised so that the people are no longer on the verge of starvation, education, health, recreation, and even religion are luxuries not to be afforded in a life and death struggle of existence. We began the education, health and recreation projects first because the invitation to work at the village came just before the New Year's season. These worked in naturally with the New Year projects. As spring opened, in April, we arranged for a farmer's class with the help of three specialists who made an intensive study of local farming conditions and the immediate needs of the district. Courses were given in cooperatives and general science, which led to their special problems in agriculture being discussed. The use of copper carbonate was suggested as a cure for "smut" on the Kaffir corn. From Yenching University we obtained a new kind of millet that the university had found to be more productive. From America, we got a long fiber variety that brought better prices in the Tientsin market. From Nanking and Paotingfu we introduced new vegetables, tomatoes, curly lettuce, and celery. Leghorn chickens and Poland-China hogs were added to the native stock.

The second year another class was held. The new millet seed yielded thirty-five per cent better crop than the local millet; accordingly, 260 pounds of seed was planted in thirteen of the villages of this vicinity the second year. The new cotton was so successful the first year that six hundred pounds of seed was planted the next year. They tried again the new vegetables and very slowly learned to like tomatoes. By the third year, there was great interest in improved varieties of seeds, and seed selection became a real issue. We introduced an agricultural specialist, who persuaded them to buy one hundred fruit trees; peach, pear, and apple, as an experiment in improving the productivity of the land and in adding to the limited diet of the village people.

The agricultural fairs held each fall have added much to the zest for trying new seeds and to the ease of spreading new projects. This first was held in October of the first year's work in the village. The local farmers brought in exhibits of crops: corn, wheat, millet, kaffir corn, buckwheat, sesame, garden vegetables, onions, tomatoes, lettuce, turnips, carrots, sweet potatoes, peanuts, etc. Several specialists were present to show improved farm implements, and to help in seed selection and in the eradication of plant diseases. The district magistrate made a popular address. The expense was borne locally, and practically all the work of preparation and carrying out the three days' program was handled by the local leaders; accordingly, the village felt great satisfaction in the big event.

The women held Home Exhibits three times a year. Sometimes in connection with the agricultural fairs, always one at New Year's, and sometimes one at the close of the school year. In the fall, they specialized in their garden flowers and in the vegetables that they grew. In the winter, at New Year's, there were the new garments ready for this big celebration, and we specialized in all kinds of lovely new clothes. In the spring, there were the scrolls made in school, maps drawn by the pupils, as well as food and clothing and fancy work products. Before the date of the exhibit we would send word to the women of the whole village, "Please bring whatever you like best to do and tell us at the exhibit how you do it." In the front of the big courtyard, we placed a long table and above it hung the Chinese motto, "We depend on Heaven for our food." On this table the women placed their samples of delicious food as they brought them in, dough strings, millet cakes, Kaffir corn dough, cut in the shape of Chinese characters, fried in deep fat (or more often in a cotton seed oil substitute). On each side of the food table we placed the hand work, little caps, gaily embroidered shoes, stylish little coats and trousers, wadded stockings and pillow ends in various patterns. Baskets, fans, boxes are on tables nearer the door. Sometimes baby chickens and silkworms are brought. Each woman is asked to tell of her specialty and how she makes it. Enthusiastic clapping of hands follows her explanations; and the common tasks of life take on new meaning. In these exhibits we have promoted especially the use of cotton seed oil. In the vicinity of the Fan Village, especially since the introduction of American seed, a great deal of cotton is produced; but very little use is made of the cotton seed except as fertilizer. Often I saw great heaps of the seed swept behind the door, or in the corner of the yard. "What are you going to do with this cotton seed?" I would ask. "Nothing—oh, yes, after it rots we'll put it on the fields as fertilizer."

"Why don't you take it to the cotton seed oil press, have the oil extracted, and use the oil as a fat substitute?"

"Who would eat that? The cotton seed oil press is twenty li away and after we have carried the seed all that distance on foot, it is only used for greasing carts or the girls use it for hair oil."

"We eat it continually—refining it at home. I'll send you over some doughnuts fried in deep fat—not fat but cotton seed oil." After one taste of our doughnuts, requests came in for cooking classes teaching our method of refining and using this oil. The cooking classes used Kaffir cornmeal, carefully ground, and sifted for dough. This is very cheap; accordingly, often despised as being food only fit for cattle and

hogs; nevertheless, we learned to use it for delicious pancakes, muffins, steamed dumplings, etc. In our exhibits, we paid special attention to the foods made from cotton seed oil and Kaffir cornmeal, always having a special table for this exhibit, with recipes for those who wished to have them. Thus we got into the good graces of the men; several times I heard a man praising his wife's cooking. (An unusual thing in China!) "Why, my wife can make wonderful meat dumplings from Kaffir corn and cotton seed oil." Therefore did our women rejoice; for life was becoming more abundant.

In all work, we made much use of lantern slides. One evening we showed a film on forestry from the Department of Agriculture. As no building in the village could hold the crowds, these movies were held on the main street; the pictures thrown upon the plain gray brick wall of one of the few brick buildings of the village. A cross section of a big tree many feet in diameter, from California, was thrown on the wall. "Oh, see that enormous pancake!" an old lady exclaimed. When she at last understood that it was a cross section of an immense tree trunk, she was even more pleased and impressed. At the end of the lecture some of the village men crowded about Mr. Hubbard while he was putting away the movie machine. "We need more trees in our village," they said. "We could plant many on these streets and more around the big pond and the temples." Accordingly a tree planting day was arranged for and six hundred trees planted; three hundred elm trees, one hundred and fifty willows, one hundred locust trees, and fifty poplars. One hundred and eighty villagers were divided into four groups to do the work with great ceremony. In each group, one person dug the hole, one placed the tree in the hole, one refilled the hole with soil and one packed down the soil around the roots. The head man of the village gave an impressive lecture on the importance of planting trees and the care the trees should have. The men on different streets were responsible for watering the trees in their own neighborhood; and notices were posted: "Any child who destroys a tree shall be fined one dollar. Any adult who destroys a tree shall be fined five dollars."

The general in a nearby camp, getting the idea, said to his soldiers, "We too, must have trees planted along the road to our camp premises." The soldiers came that night and pulled up one hundred and fifty of our carefully planted trees! They took them and planted them around their camp! And we did not get five dollars apiece for those they took! The second year there was another village tree planting day, with lectures and debates on forestry. Eight hundred more trees for shade and timber were planted around the village. Moreover, they purchased one hundred fruit trees, peach, pear, and apple trees.

Perhaps the most important undertaking in connection with farming has been a well-digging campaign. Since the rainfall in North China is quite irregular and usually insufficient, the productivity of the land is never what it should be. However, there is an underground supply of water constantly in this region about fifteen feet down; and a thirty-foot well will not go dry. In times of drought one such well will insure a good harvest for an area of seven acres. The farmers have done very little in irrigation by digging wells for two reasons in the past. First, they have been afraid of digging deeply into the earth lest they scratch the skin of the Dragon, prince of all the water sources

lying somewhere under the surface of the earth. A geomancer must be consulted and paid when a well is dug, and this old superstition has hindered the digging of many wells. Nevertheless people have had to dig a few, and from these we know the possibility of these wells. As these superstitious ideas are gradually dying out we began the first year to talk of more wells. But only two were dug that year and there was little interest in the new irrigation idea. The head man of the village has been a geomancer and probably hesitated to seem to encourage it. Then, of course, the farmers do not usually have the money to finance the digging of the wells and purchasing the Persian wheel which brings the water to the surface.

Last spring, stopping to rest at the edge of a beautiful wheat field, where a woman was watering the grain, I noticed that the wheat field on the opposite side was almost a desert waste.

"What a sultry day!" I began a conversation with the woman, who stopping her watering, was glad for a chance to rest.

"If only it would rain!" she said. "Are you going to the temple to pray for rain?"

"No. I do *not* go to the temple to pray for rain. Do you?"

"No," she said quite apologetically, "I have no time to go; from morning to night my man and I and a hired assistant are kept working at the water wheel and irrigating my wheat."

"Your fields are beautiful! It seems to me that is God's idea about these dry fields. He wants us to use our own strength in digging wells and using the water under the surface of the ground which He has given to us here in North China in such abundance. Why do any go to the temple and pray for rain? Why not dig wells?"

"I think that is the better way," she said thoughtfully.

However, so many devout people walked daily down the long dusty road to the city temple to pray for rain, that the village elders thought it would be a simple thing to have a temple theatrical in their own village. So they decided to tax the villagers according to the number of acres of land each owned. The head man of the village owning twenty mu (3-2/3 acres) paid \$2.00. They raised over \$210.00 for a three-day temple theater. Sending us a red invitation they explained the nature of the plays at the temple. *We did not go!* All the villagers and their neighboring villagers came to the temple morning and afternoon for three days. Still the rains did not come! A month passed, the wheat fields produced a half crop or less. Then one village elder remarked, "What fools we were. Why did we not dig wells?"

As the fall came, the few fields that could be irrigated produced double crops; naturally, because of the scarcity of grain and cotton prices were higher. Then the people began to plan for the next spring. One day at the monthly meeting of the Village Reconstruction Society, the village head stood up and spoke with deep feeling. "The time has come for cooperative well digging. Let us divide up the land and borrow money, if necessary, but carefully plan an irrigation system for our village farmland. How many want to dig wells?"

Fifty-four at once wanted to dig wells, and a special section of the Village Cooperative Society was organized for well digging purpose. Through this they were able to borrow money and well digging began at once. When the money that could be obtained was not enough for the fifty-six, they themselves decided that the poorer neighbors re-

ceive the largest loans, and those who could manage, dig their wells without help. The loans, varied in amount from twelve dollars to one hundred and fifty dollars according to the size of the well, and these were guaranteed by the reconstruction societies. The movement spread until nearly one hundred wells were dug in this region and probably 4,000 mu (666-2/3 English acres) put under irrigation. Of course, the next fall's crop was doubled! And they have learned how they can help God answer their desperate prayers for rain! This year there are well filled store rooms and no expensive theatricals.

For two years, our city mission doctor and nurse made regular visits; then the medical officers from a soldiers encampment offered to come and give free treatments three times a week to the village and surrounding neighbors. "The people support the soldiery, why should not the military help the people?" is the sensible comment.

Our village secured the cooperation of eight nearby villages this fall and held a three days patriotic meeting, with the object of educating and inspiring with love of country the twenty thousand people who came to hear the lectures on Patriotism and see the moving pictures secured from the Board of Education.

A Youth's Literary Society of fifty members recently organized has weekly meetings, developing their own abilities and energies by debates and discussions on current topics.

In our third year, the village reconstruction group had an unusual request from a young military officer temporarily residing in the village. "Could you help me plan an appropriate wedding festival?" The government had been urging simpler wedding ceremonies that the younger generation be not involved in debt from the very beginning of their life together. So we saw an opportunity for a needed reform. The bride was one of our school girls and had an understanding heart and a sensible mind; so she acquiesced gladly in setting an example of simplified weddings. With much thought and cooperation from the leaders of the village a beautiful, simple and inexpensive wedding was planned. It was a sunny morning in early spring. All the invited guests, about two hundred, came with flowers and useful presents. The feast for the two hundred cost about ten dollars! The ceremony was dignified and pleasing to the group. With much admiration for this new form of marriage, the villagers expressed their satisfaction and intention of following suit in the future. Only the young maidens of the village sighed! "How can she feel that she is properly married without riding in a magnificent red chair?"

About the same time the grandfather of the Sung family died. For three days, the priests chanted the lengthy Buddhist prayers. Paper clothes and carts and houses were bought to burn at the grave. Feasts were provided day by day for the buried mourners, priests, and friends. About four hundred dollars were spent on the funeral. Accordingly, the children and grandchildren of this middle class farming family were plunged into poverty for a life time. Our group, sympathetically but firmly, disapproved of this extravagance in planning a burial. When the head man of the next village to the East died a few months later, we sent the family a simple banner with the appropriate characters on a piece of common grey homespun cloth that could be used later for a garment. His funeral was of a simple, sensible order.

In our first year we were asked to assist in the Village Govern-

ment, as there^a was much discontent with the graft of those managing the village finances. In trying to find a Christian solution, we suggested that they wait until the regular election; meanwhile, urging all literate citizens to attend, making a careful investigation of village needs and expenses. A record attendance resulted. Mr. Sang was elected to a village office, where his special duty was to study village organization and self government. The former village head calmly resigned, and with peace and harmony Mr. Li was elected Village head, and another of our group assistant head. From Peiping we got material of what is expected of each village by the government and suggested that, instead of each individual going to the county seat at big expense, the taxes be collected in the village and paid, without graft, in a lump sum. The next year by careful budgeting, eliminating squeeze, and efficient administration, it was estimated that one thousand dollars were saved for the village. The county magistrate, who has four hundred villages under him in his county, often frankly refers to our community as his "Model Village."

Perhaps the most important result of this work is the increasing spirit of cooperation for the common good. When some of the poorer families could not pay their debts at the annual settlement, some of the men of more means lent them the money, \$40.00. Nearly every family gave lands for broader and better roads; repairing them themselves; in many places, planting trees along the roadside. The Chinese method of keeping up the roads is to divide the road repair among the villages skirting the highway. Generally there has been much strife and delay before the roads are in order. Although our village already had done quite a little road repair along its own portion, the County Magistrate assigned us an especially large strip of road to repair. Our people accepted, without a protest, their assignment. Every family sent a man, with his own tools, to work on the road. In a few days it was satisfactorily finished; in fact, so well repaired that the magistrate gave the village a banner as having repaired its portion of the road the most successfully of any town in his jurisdiction.

The only place suitable for hanging this gorgeous decoration was in the village office. But the walls were dirty and dark. The elders decided that they must whitewash those walls to make a fitting background for their precious banner. But even so, the enormous scroll would look crowded in that small room; accordingly they decided to enlarge the place. The village elders took off their long garments and with their own hands remodeled the building, laying the mud bricks, plastering, whitewashing the walls, putting new paper on the windows, and even repairing the table and seats. Then they hung their banner with great pride!

The Reconstruction Committee established three traveling libraries, each of these consisting of a small selection of useful literature. These libraries are left for a month at some central place like the restaurant, or Mrs. Li's home. A pencil is tied to the box, ready for use. You choose your book, write your name, and go happily on your way. These libraries also travel to the neighboring villages. Then news bulletins copied from our village newspapers are posted by the school boys on the walls of other towns less fortunate. Village socials several times a year add much to the joy of living in the village.

A great blow came to us when after a year of heart-to-heart co-

operation for the uplift of his village, Mr. Sang died. During the agricultural fair, he had worked from morning to night, getting in the exhibits from his neighbors, making the preparation needed, keeping the records, etc. Because of the long years he had fasted, living on one meal a day, his body had grown weak, and at the close of the Fair, he collapsed and died quickly. He had always felt religion to be the most important thing in his life, and from the beginning of our friendship, he had loved to learn about Christianity; borrowing a New Testament, he began to read the Sermon on the Mount and he loved every bit of it. "Buddhism teaches us to purify *ourselves*," he told me; "But Christianity is better; it teaches one also to serve others." After his death, with fainting heart, I called at Mrs. Sang's home, fearing that she would blame us for encouraging her husband's strenuous efforts for the village fair; at the close of which he died. But she met me with a smile. Taking both my hands in hers, she said, "I so hoped you'd come today. I have two things to say to you. You know what good friends our husbands were. I want you and me to be that kind of friends now. Especially do I want you to teach my son Mr. Hubbard's religion." Her second request was, "Could you write up Mr. Sang's life? He was such a good man, wasn't he? Let me keep a copy so that the three children will remember their father as he was. I'm sorry I can't write. Could you come to my home every week and teach me? By calling in our neighbors we could have a big class." So a home group of women was started to learn to read and cook with cotton seed oil, etc., typical of many groups on other streets.

Mr. Li, also met with a serious loss about the same time. His twelve-year-old son was flying his kite with a playmate. Turning quickly to run backward, thinking only of his kite, he fell into an open well and was drowned. At first, the father was overcome and discouraged; but after spending two days in our home, he came to see how life could have more meaning—not less for him now. He could help save other children from falling into the common open wells of the community. The third day he came to the school where I was teaching a class. Asking to speak a few words to the pupils he began: "I have four things to say." He choked, and the children's eyes filled with tears. "If any child sees any one fall into a well, you can do four things;

I. Call loudly for help. (He felt that if his son's playmate had called loud enough for help his son might have been rescued.)

II. Get a rope and throw down one end for the person to grasp.

III. Or get corn stalks to throw down, these will float and a person can float on top of them.

IV. And, most important of all, tell your parents to build the opening of the well high about the surrounding country so that one can see it, and not fall in!

Since then he has been advocating remodelled wells in and around the villages.

At the insistant demand of leaders of an adjoining village, a Reconstruction Committee had been organized to head up a unit in that village. They are following the general technique that we have used in the Fan Village.

The fact that the natives connect all this work definitely with Christianity is evidenced on every side. The local Reconstruction Com-

mittee requested, last October, that we start a class for the study of religions. This work began with discussion about all the religions of the village, Buddhism, Confucianism, and Taoism. At the end of the first class, the leaders remarked, "We know much about these religions, please, tell us all about Christianity."

We tried to build on the best in Chinese culture and religious ideas. (a) "All under Heaven are one family." (b) "All within the four seas are brothers." (c) Confucius' Golden Rule. "What you do not want others to do to you, do not do to them." (d) Local religious beliefs in God, the soul, prayer, immortality, and a moral code. Frankly we answered many questions about what Christianity means to us. This class, beginning with sixteen, soon grew to over a hundred, including all the village teachers and most of the influential leaders of the community. After the class had met twice a week for two months, the village head and his daughter one day walked into the city church at Paotingfu and enrolled as "inquirers," this being the first step towards church membership in China. Others quickly followed the example. So, in May, a registration meeting was held for those who wanted to register their names as "inquirers," really wanting to follow the Christian way of life. We suggested that they come in as family units, since the family is the social unit in China. Those who were alone in their home in wishing to join were advised to wait until the family could agree to come in together.

Forty-nine came that Sunday, thirteen family groups. They came knowing much of what Christianity means as a way of life; and wanting sincerely to follow that way in their own homes and surroundings. We believe that they are on the road to develop a community pervaded by the spirit of mutual helpfulness and cooperation; that they will find solutions for their every day problems that will make life healthy, happy, intelligent, and Christian.

Two missionaries in India, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wiser, who worked in the true spirit, wrote in their book, *BEHIND MUD WALLS*, pp. 170-171, . . . We have not the right to approach them in a spirit of benevolence as from superior to inferior. Rather, we should come to them with respect for their persistent courage and their stability in a regime where everyone has tried to unstabilize them. We can hope for little response from them until they find in us assurance of sympathetic understanding. When their suspicions have been replaced by confidence they will accept our services gladly. In the beginning, they will want us to limit ourselves to meeting those needs which they themselves present to us. And they will be shy of any move to project something from the outside world into their village life. At the first sign of such a projection their defences may go up. But if our friendship has gone deep enough, and our sincerity is sure enough, the defences will not be so high as to keep them from peering over the top to take a good look at the new.

